THE SECOND PART OF THE COLLECTION OF POEMS ON Affairs of State,

Viz.

A Dialogue between two Horſes.
On the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, preſenting the *l*—*K*— and the D— of *Y*— with a Copy of their Freedoms, *Anno* 1674.
On the Prorogation of the Eighteen-years Parliament: Or, Club of unanimous Voters.
On the Diſſolution of the Club of Voters, *Anno* 1678.
On the Lord Chancellor's Speech to the Parliament, *March* 1680.
An Acroſtick.
The Commons Addreſs to the K—.
The Anſwer to the Acroſtick.
On the D— of *Y*—*s* Voyage into *Flanders*.
Upon a Diſpute in the Choice of Sheriffs.
On the ſame Occaſion.
Forewarn'd, Forearm'd.
A Bill on the Houſe of Commons Door, *April* 15. 1680. purſuant to a former Bill, *Jan.* 26. 1679. fixt there.
On *Nell*.
Juſtice in Maſquerade.
A Copy of Verſes flung into Juſtice *S*—*s*'s Chamber.
The Pope's Advice, with his Holineſs's Benediction to his Judge and Jury in *Utopia*.
A Satyr.
On the Monument upon Fiſhſtreet-hill.
The D— of *M*—*s* Letter to the K— Tranſvers'd.
The Anſwer to the D— of *M*— Letter.

By *A*— *M*—*l* and other eminent Wits.
None whereof ever before Printed.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1689.

THE SECOND PART

OF THE

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

ON

Affairs of State.

A DIALOGUE
Between two HORSES.

By *A. M——l*, Esq;.

The Introduction.

We read in profane and sacred Records
Of Beasts, that have utter'd *Articular Words*;
When Magpies and Parrots cry, *Walk, Knaves, walk*,
It is a clear Proof that Birds too may talk.
And Statues without either Wind-pipes or Lungs,
Have spoken as plainly as Men do with Tongues:
Livy tells a strange Story, can hardly be fellowed,
That a sacrific'd Ox when his Guts were out, bellow'd.
Phalaris had a Bull, which grave Authors tell you,
Would roar like a Devil with a Man in his Belly.
Friar Bacon had a Head that spake, made of Brass;
And *Balaam* the Prophet was reprov'd by his Ass.
At *Delphos* and *Rome*, Stocks and Stones, now and then, Sirs,
Have to Questions return'd Articular Answers.
All Popish Believers think somethings Divine,
When Images speak, possesseth the Shrine:
But they that *Faith Catholick* ne'er understood,
When Shrines give Answer, a Knaves on the Rood.
Those Idols ne'er spoke, but are Miracles done
By the *Devil*, a *Priest*, a *Friar* and *Nun*.
If the *Roman* Church, good Christians, oblige ye
To believe Man and Beast have spoke in Effigie.

Why ſhould we not credit the publick Diſcourſes
Of a Dialogue, lately between the two Horſes:
The Horſes I mean of *Wool-Church* and *Charing*,
Who told many Truths worth a Man's Hearing,
Since *V*---- and *O*---- did buy, and provide 'em
For the two Mighty Monarchs that now do beſtride 'em.
The ſtately brass Stallion, and white marble Steed
One Night came together by all is agreed:
When both King's weary of Sitting all Day,
Were ſtollen off *Incognito* each his own way.
And the two Jades after mutual Salute,
Not only diſcours'd, but fell to Diſpute.

The Dialogue.

Woolch. Quoth the Marble Horſe, it would make a Stone ſpeak
To ſee a *Lord Mayor* and a *Lumbard-ſtreet* break:
Thy Founder and mine to treat one another,
When both K----s agreed to be each others Brother.

Chair. Here *Charing* broke forth, and then he went on,
My Brass is provoked as much as thy Stone,
To ſee Church and State bow down to a Whore,
And the K---'s chief Miniſter holding th' Door.

Woolch. To ſee *Dei Gratia* writ on the Throne,
And the K---s wicked Life ſay, God there is none.

Chair. That he ſhould be ſtil'd Defender of the Faith,
Who believes not a Word what the Word of God ſaith.

Woolch. That the D-- ſhould turn Papiſt, and that Church defie,
For which his own Father a Martyr did die.

Chair. Tho' he changed his Religion, I hope he's ſo civil
Not to think his own Father is gone to the Devil.
To ſee a white Staff make a Beggar a Lord,
And ſcarce a wiſe Man at a long Council-board.

Woolch. That the Bank ſhould be ſeized, yet the Chequer ſo poor,
Lord have Mercy, and a *Croſs* might be ſet on the Door.

Chair. That a Million and half ſhould be the Revenue,
Yet the K---- of his Debts pay no man a penny.

Woolch. That a K--- ſhould conſume three Kingdom's Eſtates,
And yet all the Court be as poor as Church Rats.

Chair.

Chair. That of your Seas Dominion and Guarding,
No token should appear but a poor Copper farthing.

Woolch. Our Worm-eaten Ships be laid up at *Chatham*,
(Not our Trade to secure, but) for Fools to comfort um.

Chair. And our few Ships abroad become *Tripoli*'s scorn,
By pawning for Victuals their Guns at *Leghorn*.

Woolch. That making us Slaves by Horse and Foot Guard,

Chair. The basest ingratitude ever was heard;
But Tyrants ungrateful are always afraid.

Woolch. On *Henry* the Seventh's head be that plac'd the Crown,
Was after rewarded by losing his own.

Chair. That Parliament-Men should rail at the Court,
And get a good Preferment immediately for't.

Woolch. To the bold speaking Members of Bastards you add,
What a number of Rascally-Lords have been made.

Chair. That Traitors to their Country in a bribed House of C.
Should give away Millions at every Summons.

Woolch. Yet some of those Givers, such beggarly Villains,
As not to be trusted for twice fifty Shillings.

Chair. No wonder that Beggars should still be for giving,
Who out of what's given do get a good living.

Woolch. Four Knights and a Knave, who were Pubjoans made,
For selling their Consciences were liberally paid.

Chair. Then base are the Souls of the low prized Sinners,
Who Vote with the Court for Drink and for Dinners.

Woolch. 'Tis they that brought on us this scandalous Yoke,
Of excising our Cups and Taxing our smoak.

Chair. But Thanks to the Whores who made the K—— dogged,
For giving no more tho' R—— are Prorogued.

Woolch. That a K—— should endeavour to make a War cease,
Which augments and secures his own profit and peace.

Chair. And Plenipotentiaries send into *France*,
With an addle-headed Knight, and a Lord without Brains.

Woolch. That the King should send for another *French* Whore,
When one already had made him so poor.

Chair. Enough dear Brother although we speak Reason;
Yet Truth many times being punish'd for Treason,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our Tongues,
Bold speaking hath done both Men and Beasts wrongs:

when

When the Ass so boldly rebuked the Prophet,
Thou knowest what danger was like to come of it,
Though the *Beast* gave his Master ne'er an ill Word,
Instead of a Cudgel *Balaam* wish'd for a Sword.

Woolch. Truth's as bold as a Lion, I am not affraid,
I'll prove every title of what I have said:
Our Riders are absent who is't that can hear;
Let's be true to our selves, who then need we fear?

Chair. Where is thy K— gone, (*Woolcharch*) to see Bishop *Land*?
To Cuckold a Scrivener in Masquerade?
On such Occasions he oft strays away,
And returns to remount about break of Day.
In very dark Nights sometimes you may find him
With a Harlot got upon my Crupper behind him.

Chair. Paule Brother a while, and calmly consider
What thou hast to say against my *Royal Rider*.

Woolch. The Priest-ridden K— turn'd desperate fighter
For the *Surplice*, *Lawn-sleeves*, the *Cross* and the *Miter*,
Till at last on a Scaffold he was left in the lurch
By Knaves, that cry'd up themselves for the Church.

Chair. Arch-Bishops and Bishops, Arch-Deacons and Deans;
Thy K— will ne'er fight unless't be for *Queans*.

Woolch. He that dies for Ceremonies dies like a Fool.

Chair. The K— on thy Back is a lamentable Tool.

Woolch. The Goat and the Lyon, I equally Hate,
And Freeman alike value Life and State:
Though the Father and Son be different rods,
Between the two Scourgers we find little odds;
Both Infamous in three Kingdoms Votes,
This for picking our Pockets, that for cutting our Throats:
More tolerable are the Lyon K—s Slaughters
Than the Goat making Whores of our Wives and Daughters:
The Debauched and Cruel since they equally gall us,
I had rather bear *Nero* than *Sardanapalus*.

Woolch. *De Wit* and *Cromwel* had each a brave Soul,
I freely declare it, I am for Old *Nol*,
Though his Government did a Tyrant resemble,
He made *England* great and his Enemies tremble.

Chair. Thy Rider puts no Man to Death in his Wrath,
But is buryed alive in Lust and in Sloth.

Woolch.

Woolch. What is thy Opinion of *J—D—* of *T—*
Chair. The same that the Frogs had of *Jupiter's* Stork.
With the *Turk* on his Head, and the *Pope* in his Heart,
Father *Patrick's* Disciples will make *England* smart.
If e'er he be K—I know *Britain's* Doom,
We must all to a *Stake*, or be Converts to *Rome*.
Ah! *Tudor*, ah! *Tudor*, we have had enough:
None ever reign'd like old *Bess* in the Ruff.
Her *Walsingham* could dark Counsels unriddle,
And our Sir *J—ph* write News-books and fiddle.
Woolch. Truth, Brother, well said, but that's somewhat bitter,
His perfumed Predecessor was never more fitter:
Yet we have one Secretary honest and wise;
For that very Reason, he's never to rise.
But can'st thou devise when things will be mended?
Chair. When the bad of the Line of the *St*—— are ended.

Conclusion.

If Speeches from Animals in *Rome's* first Age,
Prodigious Events did surely presage
That should come to pass, all Men may swear
That which two Inanimate Horses declare.
But I should have told you before the Jades parted,
Both gallop'd to *VVhite-hall*, and there humbly farted:
Which Tyranny's downfal pertended much more
Than all that the Beasts had spoken before.
If the *Delphick Sybil's* Oracular Speeches
(as learned Men say;) came out of their Breeches,
Why might not our Horses, since Words are but Wind,
Have the Spirit of Prophecy likewise behind?
Though Tyrants make Laws, which they strictly proclaim
To conceal their own Faults, and cover their own Shame;
Yet the Beasts in the Field, and the Stones in the Wall,
Will publish their Faults and prophesy their Fall;
When they take from the People the Freedom of Words,
They teach them the sooner to fall to their Swords.
Let the City drink Coffee, and quietly groan,
(They that conquer'd the Father won't be Slaves to the Son)

For

For Wine and ſtrong Drink make Tumults encreaſe,
Chocolate, Tea, and Coffee are Liquors of Peace
No Quarrel or Oaths amongſt thoſe that drink them,
'Tis *Bacchus*, and the Brewer ſwear damn me and ſink 'em.
Then *C——s*, thy Edict againſt Coffee recal,
There's ten times more Treaſon in Brandy and Ale.

On the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, preſenting the K—— and D—— of Y—— each with a Copy of their Freedoms, Anno Dom. 1674.

THe Londoners Gent to the K—— do preſent
In a Box the City Maggot;
'Tis a thing full of weight, that requires the Might
Of whole *Guild-Hall* Team to drag it.

II.

Whilſt their Church's unbuilt, and their Houſes undwelt,
And their Orphans want Bread to feed 'em;
Themſelves they've bereft of the little Wit they had left,
To make an Offering of their Freedom.

III.

O ye Addle-brain'd Cits! who henceforth in their Wits
Would intruſt their Youth to your breeding;
When in Diamonds and Gold you have him thus enroll'd,
You know both his Friends and his Breeding?

IV.

Beyond Sea he began, where ſuch a Riot he ran,
That every one there did leave him;
And now he'll come o'er ten times worſe than before,
When none but ſuch Fools would receive him.

V.

He ne'er knew, not he, how to ſerve or be free,
Though he has paſt through ſo many Adventures;
But e'er ſince he was bound, (that is, he was crown'd)
He has every Day broke his Indentures.

VI.

He ſpends all his Days in running to Plays,
When he ſhould in the Shop be poring:
And he waſts all his Nights in his conſtant Delights,
Of Revelling, Drinking and Whoring.

VII.

Tho' out of *Lumbard-ſtreet* each Man he did meet,
He would run on the *Score* and *borrow*,
When they'd ask'd for their own, he was broke and gone,
And his Creditors left to Sorrow.

VIII.

Though oft bound to the Peace, yet he never would ceaſe
To vex his poor Neighbour with Quarrels,
And when he was beat, he ſtill made his Retreat,
To his *Cleavelands*, his *Nells*, and his *Carwels*.

IX.

Nay, his Company lewd were twice grown ſo rude,
That had not Fear taught him Sobriety,
And the Houſe been well barr'd with Guard upon Guard,
They'd robb'd us of all our Propriety.

X.

Such a Plot was laid, had not *Aſhley* betray'd,
As had cancell'd all former Diſaſters;
And your Wives had been Strumpets to his Highneſſes Trumpets,
And Foot-Boys had all been your Maſters.

XI.

So many are the Debts and the Baſtards he gets,
Which muſt all be defray'd by *London*,
That notwithſtanding the Care of Sir *Th*——— *Pl*—*r*,
The Chamber muſt needs be undone.

XII.

His Word nor his Oath cannot bind him to Troth,
And he values not Credit or Hiſtory;
And though he has ſerved through two Prentiſhips now,
He knows not his Trade nor his Myſtery.

XIII.

Then *London* rejoice in thy fortunate Choice,
To have made him free of thy Spices;
And do not miſtruſt he may once grow more juſt,
When he's worn of his Follies and Vices.

XIV.

And what little thing is that which you bring
To the D——e, the Kingdom's Darling;
Ye hug it and draw, like Ants at a Straw,
Tho' too small for the Griffle of Starling.

XV.

Is it a Box of Pills to cure the D——'s Ills?
(He is too far gone to begin it)
Or that your fine Show in Processioning go,
With the Piss——the Host within it.

XVI.

And who could swear, that he would forbear,
To cull out the good of an Alien,
Who still doth advance the Government of *France*,
With a *Wife* and *Religion Italian*.

XVII.

And now, Worshipful Sir, go fold up your Furrs,
And *Vyner* turn again, turn again;
I see who e'er freed you, for Slaves are decreed
Until you *burn again, burn again*.

On the Prorogation of the Eighteen-years Parliament: Or, A Club of unanimous Votes.

PRorogued on Prorogation, *Damn'd Rogues and Whores*,
Who pick'd our Pockets, are now turn'd out of Doors:
Have we our Country plagu'd, our Trust betray'd,
Given *Loans*, *Polls*, *Subsidies*, and *Royal Aids*,
Hearth-money, *Impost*, and the *Lawyers Fees*,
Ruin'd all Trade, tormented all Degrees,
To do this serv'd an Age!
Have we more Money rais'd in twelve years space,
Than *Norman Bastard* had, and all his Race;
Hurried up Money Bills against *Dutch* and *French*,
And seen it spent upon a Dunghil Wench!
Were we content the Kingdom to undo,
To enrich an over-ridden Whore or two,
And all for this!

With

With *Plague*, *War*, and *Fire* was the Kingdom curst;
Yet of all Plagues were we our selves the worst,
All just Elections null'd, and took such Pain
To make this Parliament a Rogue in Grain,
Heal'd *Co*——*y*'s slit Nose, and through our Fears,
Stood to be piss'd on by the *House* of *Peers*.
Run to our Masters Cellar to Fox our Mace,
And hundred more humble Acts like these,
That we might not his Majesty displease,
To be thus serv'd!

Well fare, true, *V*——*n*, *H*——*d*, *O*——*n*, *C*——*nr*,
L——*n*, *S*——*r*, and our great Man of War,
Wil.G——*y*, the Hector of our House,
That always fetch'd his Blow to kill a Louse;
For these great Patriots, Malecontent, did plot
Their Country's Good, till they had Places got,
Bluster'd and huff'd till they were officer'd,
But then of Country more the Devil a Word:
They need not hector more 'gainst *Hogen Mogen*,
And feel like Asses the Plague of a Prorogueing.

Damned *B*——of a false Sire the Son,
Did we for this dismount old *C*——*n*,
And set thee up the mighty Man of State,
And in thy Hands put the whole Kingdom's Fate?
Did we forget thou truck'd'st with what was Trump,
And paid'st Allegiance to the *rotten Rump*,

Did we continue spilling *S*——*y*'s Life,
That with more Freedom thou might'st Whore his Wife,
And all for this requite ungrateful Wretch,
May *Pox* and *Plague* and *Devil* hence thee fetch.
Let some prorogu'd, incensed *Felton* rather
Send't his curs'd Son to find his guilty Father.
No other way could'st find t'attain thy Ends,
Than by disgusting's Majesty with's best Friends;
Turn off a Parliament, ne'er King before
Had such a one, or ever will have more?
Did we give Cause to Fear we would not do,
What ever K——or thou command'st us to?

If ſtanding Army 'twas thou would'ſt be at,
(As well as others) We could have rais'd that;
League Tripartite we could have broke, and dance
Framed to the Meaſures and the Pipes of *Frante*.
We could have yielded to have rais'd a *Citadel*,
More our own City, than the Dutch to quell,
Look through our Fingers, and ſneer to behold
New *London* flaming as we did the Old.
We could Plots make like *Oliver* or *Hewit*,
And make them guilty of't that ne'er knew it.
And muſt we after all our Service done,
In Field for Father, and in Houſe for Son,
Be thus caſhier'd to pleaſe a pocky Peer,
That neither Round-head is, nor a Cavalier,
But of ſome middle Cut, ſome ill Shape, that
Fain would be ſomething if he knew but what;
And like light Butterfly much fluttering, make,
Sleep of one Judgment and another wake.
He all things is, but unto nothing's true;
All old things hates, yet can abide no new.
Had we but hearken'd and the fore-game play'd,
We had prevented our being thus betray'd.
But pleaſe your pocky Grace to give me leave,
To ask you why you did your Prince deceive.
Our firſt Prorogue might ſure have ſtood till then,
'Twas time enough to have been prorogu'd then;
And not all in a Hurry ſeven Months before,
The former was expired to add ſix more.

Is Fob ſa ſulle

Nell's in again! though, we are out;
Methinks we might have met to give a Clout.
Well, now the ſacred Cod-piece muſt keep Lent,
If Saints lend not, or Caſh from *France* be ſent.
Ah ſweet Revenge! Let us but live to ſee,
Such Rogues prorogued to be as well as we.
Indulge our Envy but to ſee that Day,
Though we be ruin'd by't as well as they.
We Tyrants love, if we can Tyrants be,
If not, next Wiſh is, We may all be free.

On the Dissolution of the Club of Voters, Anno 1678.

OH Heavens! we have Signs below,
To let us our Destruction know.
Eclipses, bearded Stars that range,
Are needless to presage our change.
When Monarchs frown upon the Wise;
And glibly swallow *Romish* lyes;
When Demonstration can't convince
A deaf and unbelieving Prince:
When K—— by evil Counsel's lead,
Crushes the Trunk to raise the Head,
And does the Members fiercely sever,
To make them calmly lye together;
When self ownness in State presides,
And Ignorance our Council guides;
When *I*—— compounded of Ambition,
And the wrath of inquisition;
When by the heat of Heart and Tongue,
You'd guess a heap of Pigeons dung,
And by fierce deeds rash and amiss,
You'd think his Blood Spirit of Piss;
When he the stubborn Charioteer,
Takes his full unchock'd Career;
Whilst Brother Thoughtless of his Crown,
Upon soft Carkase lays him down,
And he's Postilion to the Crown;
And on the Royal Lumber drives,
Protestants defend your lives:
What can the Issue of this be,
But loss of Subject's Liberty?
When Crowns Revenue by bribes are wasted,
And on vile Pentioners exhausted,
When Honest Men receive disgrace,
Turn'd out of Offices and Place;
And Powers beckon from the Throne,
To let the Nation stand alone.

Think

Thinks on new ways for new ſupplies,
And damns the Parliament as Spies;
Prorogues, and then diſſolves their Heats,
And gives no time to try Conceits.
What can we think of theſe deluſions,
But loſs of ſafety, and Confuſions,
When K—— to Commons makes ſuch Speeches,
And draws his Reaſon from his breeches,
Declares our Nation wants but C——,
Which muſt be paid with Subjects Money?
When Whores make *Monarchs* Drunk, and Rule
By the idle grant of a dipt Seal;
And Diſſolutions may be ſaid
The Effect of Staggers in the Head,
And Government is a Diſeaſe
Made up of Vice and ſenſual Eaſe,
When Cavaliers in Publick Wars
Againſt their bubled Governours,
Swear they'll no Aſſiſtance bring,
To a laſcivious *Dildoe* K——,
When *C*——*s* by various Minds do's draw,
Ruling by Letchery not by Law;
Who do's his Pimps, not Statemen truſt,
Spending his brains upon his Luſt:
When things are thus perverſly ſowing,
Poor *Nineveh* is ſurely going,
When *French* runs through the Princes Veins,
And he by theirs, not our Law Reigns,
When *French* creeps into Royal Bed,
Firſt charming Codpiece, then the Head,
And Monarch Sw—— s on good behaviour,
But as he'll ſhew dear Monſieur Favour,
When Female Buttocks dictate thus,
Good Lord! what will become of us?
Is there no end of Monarchs Itch,
That doats upon a fulſome Bitch,
Who ranker than the Adder grows,
Ferrets her Belly with his Noſe,
And ſwears upon her bawdy Skin,
He'll let the Maſs and *French* Troops in;

Aſſigns

Assigns his *Crown* and Royal Power,
To be disposed of by Whore;
Beware unthinking C——s, beware,
Consider and begin to fear;
For *Pope* and *Lewis* are untrue;
Whatever J—— declares to you,
He's warranted by Holy Mother,
To sham and gull his Elder Brother;
When he's to work you to design,
He first will soak you well with Wine,
And then to your Incestuous Eyes,
He'll show again her H——d Thighs,
Strip her of greatness for the Cause,
And shew her Scut to change the Laws;
But this is an immodest thing,
To have her Humbles view'd by K——,
She may expose on such occasion,
Her *Popish A*— to the whole Nation.
Zeal wipes away all Impudence,
The greatest crimes are Innocence,
When for the Churches good intended;
And thus her H——s faults are defended;
And Catholick Modesty befriended;
This was a good attempt at first,
Shew'd she ne'er bashfully was nurs'd;
But rather liv'd 'mongst shamble Crew,
Brought up in some *Italian* Stew;
A Dutchess in our Country, known
A common Strumpet in her own.

From Dukes that are but little better,
From a Whore by Nation and by Nature,
From a King that Reigns by their direction,
From Subjects guided by the Devil's Protection,
From a lewd Pilot at the Helm,
Good Lord deliver this poor Realm.

On

On the Lord Chancellor's *Speech to the* Parliament, March 1679.

This is the Time.

WOuld you send *K*——— to *P*———*l*,
Great *James* to be a Cardinal,
And make Prince *Rupert* Admiral,
This is the Time.

Would you turn D——— out of Doors,
Baniſh Rebels and *French* Whores,
The worſer ſort of Common-ſhores,
This, &c.

Would you unravel *Popiſh Plots*,
Send *L*——*le* amongſt the *Scots*,
And rid the Court of *Iriſh Sots*.
This, &c.

Would you exalt the mighty Name,
Of *Shaftsbury* and *B*———*m*,
And not forget Judge *Sc*—*s* his Fame,
This, &c.

Would you our Soveraign diſabuſe,
And make his Parliaments of uſe,
Not to be chang'd like dirty Shooes,
This, &c.

Would you extirpate Pimps and Panders,
Diſband the reſt of our Commanders,
Send *M*——— after Teague to *Flanders*.
This, &c.

Would you ſend Confeſſors to tell
P———*s*, *St*———*d* and *A*———*l*,
They muſt prepare their Souls for Hell.
This is the Time.

Would you remove our Miniſters
The curſed cauſe of all our Fears,
Without forgetting Turn-coat *M——s*,
This, *&c.*

Would you hang thoſe that take example
By *C——* and Timber *T——*,
For all ſuch Raſcals merit Hemp-well,
This, *&c.*

Would you once more bleſs this Nation,
By changing of *P——*'s Vocation,
And find one fit for Procreation,
This, *&c.*

Would you let *P——* try her chance,
Believe *Oates*, *Bedloe*, *Dugdale*, *Prance*,
And ſend *Berillon* into *France*,
This, *&c.*

Would you turn Papiſts from the *Q——*,
Cloiſter up fulſome *M——n*,
Once more make *Charles* great again,
This is the time,

An Acroſtick.

C loſe wrapt in *P——*'s Smock his Senſes are;
H eadlong he runs into *Circe's* ſnares,
A nd by her Charms is ſo beſotted grown,
R ather than quit her he will loſe his Throne.
L eave her for ſhame, caſt off thoſe idle Charms;
E mploy your ſelf, like nighbouring Kings in Arms,
S ecure your Nation and your ſelf from harms.

The Commons Addreſs to the K. A.D. 1670.

In all humility we crave
Our Sovereign to be our Slave,
Beſeeching him that he would be
Betray'd by us moſt Loyally;
And if he pleaſe but once lay down
His Sceptre, Dignity, and Crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greateſt Prince in Chriſtendom.

The Anſwer to the Acroſtick. A.D. 1670.

C—— at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

The Houſe of Commons are the People's God,
The Countrey's Scourge, the Nation's Iron Rod,
The Lord's Vexation, and the K—— by G—d.

On the D. of Y's Voyage into Flanders.

R. H. they ſay, is gone to ſee
The Princeſs of the *Hague*;
But *P*——*s* left behind to be
The Nation's whoriſh Plague.

Some ſay he is diverted thence,
And ſailed into *France*,
Becauſe the Wind at's going hence
Stood *Bedloe*, *Oates*, and *France*.

Some think he went unwillingly,
And others say he's fent there;
But moſt affirm for certainty
He's gone to keep his Lent there.

But thoſe that can aſtrologize
Do ſwear nothing more true is,
The ſolemeſs of his Errand lies
To fetch his Couſin *Lewis*;

And both together, as they ſay,
(If one may dare to ſpeak on't)
Through Hereticks Bloud will cut a way
To bring in J—— the Second.

By yea and nay, the Quaker cries,
How can we hope for better,
Truth's not in him that this denies,
Read *Edward Coleman's* Letter.

Gar, Gar, the Jockey ſwears fou thing,
Man, here is mickle work:
Deel ſplit his Wem, he's ne'er long King,
Whoſe name does rhime to Pork.

The Welſhman ſwears, Cut ſplutter Nails,
God ſend her from her Foes,
Was never have a Prince of *Wales*
That wears a Roman Noſe.

Whate'er Pretences offered be,
Sure ſomewhat is contriving;
And he is blind that cannot ſee
The Plot is ſtill a driving.

Upon a Diſpute in the Choice of Sheriffs there was a Paper ſpread abroad, directed as followeth,

To the worthy Citizens of London. *Reſpice & Cave.*

Gentlemen,

Now is the time, acquit your ſelves like Men,
Elſe who can ſay you'll ever ſee't again.
Divide not, for your lives, their work is done,
Down muſt the Papiſts go, and mourn muſt run;
Let not his Imprecations us befool,
He's worſe than mad that truſts a Y—— Tool
Should he now chuſe us Sheriffs, and clodpate furies,
We fall as Victims to their Popiſh Furies.
Oh, Heaven! direct us to unite, we pray;
Old *England*'s Fate depends upon this day,
And thoſe unborn to bleſs or curſe us may.

On the ſame occaſion.

Lewis of *France* hath been the Proteſtant Scourge,
And *Lewis* of *London* is the Papiſts Drudge.
One plays the Tyrant to uphold his Luſt,
And *London*'s Villain doth betray his Truſt.
Tyrant and Traytor *L*—— is no leſs
And N—— and Clod-pate maketh up the Meſs
Cloſe up the Poll, or *L*—— by this Light,
Your own ſhall off, to doe the City right.

M— Nimy's Case looks desperate,
The Papists Cause the same,
The Traytors struggle with their Fate,
Then Patriots now beware their hate,
Look to your selves e'er't be too late,
Or all is on a flame.

A Countrey *Hodge* heard Tory say,
As he was walking home,
October's three and twentieth day
Began the bloody *Irish* Fray,
And then to *Edge-Hill* took its way;
Remember Forty one.

This trusty *Roger* told for true,
'Tis odds he guesses right;
M——had prepar'd his murthering Crew,
At unawares to murther you,
And by that blow the Land subdue,
As you sit late at Night.

Unless in time ye him prevent,
Be arm'd against those fears;
Ne'er trust to *Rowly's* Compliment
When actions speak the ill intent,
Who never yet lov'd Parliament,
Whate'er he says or swears.

What if 'tis said that *M*——shall go,
The Fool the Knave may cheat;
Stand on your guard, prevent this blow,
No matter whether he runs or no,
'Tis you must Papists overthrow,
Let Devil doe his worst.

A Bill on the House of Commons Door, April 15. 1680. pursuant to a former Bill, Jan. 26. 1679. fix'd there.

Gentlemen,

When last you were here th' house ways to be let,
But now to the Pope and the Frenchmen 'tis set.
If you'll club in amongst them, be quickly resolv'd,
Or else you must home again reg'd or dissolv'd.
We'll try for another may serve our intention,
That *England* will betray for Place or Pention,
That's the life of the Cause, and the end of Invention.
We lost an old set would have done it no doubt,
But —— on ill luck, Rogue *Tony* was out;
Could we get them again, we'd hug and cologue 'em,
Nor *D*—— nor Dutchess should ever prorogue 'em.
(And honest endeavour to make us all Slaves,
Pray which the worst evil, the Cause or the Knaves:)
Old *Albion* looks ill, she was heard to complain,
Her Head, O! her Head was the cause of her pain;
It's all on a Lump, for it cannot discover
'Twixt its Catholick Foes, and the Protestant Lover,
Her Emp'ricks and Quacks, call'd Divine, and some Civil,
Advise her to bleed again for the King's Evil,
But better the Rogues were sent quick to the Devil:
What! bleed an old Woman, Spring, Winter, and Fall?
Don't you know she's too old to be practis'd withall?
But if you do venture once more to attempt it,
It's forty to one you're the first that repent it,
For your Plots, and your Murthers, and Treasons she'll try you,
Though the Monsieur, and Tories, and Devils stand by you.

On

On Nell.

Hard by Pell-mell lives a Wench called *Nell*,
K. *C*— the ſ—— he kept her;
She has got a trick to
But never lays Hands on his Scepter;
All matters of State from her Soul ſhe does hate,
And leave to the Politick Bitches:
The Whore's in the right, for 'tis her delight
To be ſcratching juſt where it itches.

Juſtice in Maſquerade.

A Butcher's Son's Judge Capital
Poor Proteſtants for to enthrall,
And *England* to enſlave, Sirs.
Loſe both our Laws and Lives we muſt,
When to doe Juſtice we entruſt
So known an errant Knave, Sirs.
Some hungry Prieſts he did once fell
With mighty ſtrokes, and them to Hell
Sent preſently away, Sirs.
Would you know why, the reaſon's plain,
They had no Engliſh nor French Coin
To make a longer ſtay, Sirs.
The Pope to Purgatory ſends,
Who neither Money have nor Friends,
In this he's not alone, Sirs.
For our Judge to Mercy's not enclin'd
Leſt Gold change Conſcience and his Mind,
You are infallibly gone, Sirs.
His Father once exempted was
Out of all Juries. Why? Becauſe
He was a Man of Bloud, Sirs.

And

And why the Butcherly Son forsooth,
Should now be Jury and Judge both
Cannot be understood, Sir.
The good old Man with Knife and Knocks
Made harmless Sheep and Stubborn Ox
Stoop to him in his fury
But the brib'd Son, like greasie Elfe,
Kneels down and worships Golden Calf,
And so do all the Jury.
Better thou'dst been at Father's Trade
An honest Livelihood to have made
In hampering Bulls with Collars,
Than to thy Countrey be unjust,
First sell, and then betray thy trust,
For so many hard Rix-dollars.
Priest and Physician thou didst save
From Gallows, Fire, and from Grave
For which we can't endure thee,
The one can ne'er absolve thy sins,
And the other (though he now begins)
Of Knavery ne'er can cure thee.
But lest we all should end his life,
And with a keen-whet Chopping knife
In a thousand pieces cleave him.
Let the Parliament first him undertake,
The'll make the Rascal stink at stake,
And so like a Knave let's leave him.

Part Secunda.

Since Justice *S*—— *P*—— and *D*—— did bail,
Upon the good Cause did men his tail,
For 2000 pounds to buy Tent and Ale,
Which no body can deny.
The Jury and Judge to sham the Plot,
Free'd the Traytours to prove it was not,
But old *England* will stand when the Rogues go to pot,
Which no body can deny.

He'd

S—— was at first a Man of the Blade,
And with his Father follow'd the Butcherly Trade,
But 'twas the *Peter*-pence made him a Jade,
Which no body can deny.
He'd stand by the Protestant's cause he said,
And lift up his eyes and cry'd we'er all betray'd;
But the Petty Fogger was then in a Maskquerade,
Which no body can deny.
When *D*—— mention'd to the King his name,
He said he had neither honesty nor shame:
And would play any sort of Game,
Which no body can deny.
He swears he'd confound *Bedlow* and *Oates*,
And prove the Papist's Sheep, and the Protestant's Goats:
And that they are all fools that on Property doats,
Which no body can deny.

A Copy of Verses flung into Justice S—— Chamber.

Here Lives the Woolf Justice, and Butcherly Knave,
Who *Protestants* gaols, but the *Papist's* does save,
He's a bold Persecutour, contrary to Laws,
Of all that dare write for the *Protestant* cause:
Since these were his Actions, in vain was his Prate,
And false Imprecations he printed of late,
'Twill one day be Prov'd (old clod pate) that you
Were Brib'd by the Court and *Portugal* too;
When Parliament come to Town you'll receive such a Check,
Not your Speech (or your Pardon) will save your Bull Neck:
In the Interim go on and play *England*'s story,
You'll hang at the last as *Tresilian* before ye,
For we'll have the Plot—of——come on't what can be
In spight of old clod Pate, *T*——, *L*——, *D*——:
'Tis not Prorogations shall serve the Rogues turn,
We'll dye at our doors e'er in *Smithfield* we'll burn.

The Pope's Advice, with the Holiness's Benediction to his Judge and Jury in Utopia.

Well done, my Sons, you have redeem'd my Cause,
Beyond my expectation from the Jaws
Of my Curst foe's, the Protestant's their Laws;
For had you not thus timely stept between,
They had endanger'd both my Cause and Queen,
And then Past all Redemption had it been.
From *Tyburn* they more Martyrs had me sent,
Which I had rather Quick, to th' Devil went,
Than my designs so well contriv'd be shent.
Go on and Prosper never change you notes,
The sign o'th' Cross direct your open throats
To cry not guilty, so you'll baffle *Oates*.
Forsworn, no matter, if you Perjur'd be,
You are dispenc't with, and ought to go free;
'Tis mighty service to the Court and me:
Who will Requite it and for certain know
My Pardons and Blessings on you I bestow,
Besides the Gold you have receiv'd, I owe
Far greater Sums then e'er the Court yet gave
To Pimp, or Cheat, to Traytor, Whore, or Knave,
Might satisfie our lust, or sinking Credit save.
But that's not all unless we do declare,
And set our mark upon our favourites fair,
That Hereticks may know them which they are:
And first dear Coggs with thee we shall begin,
Altho' of late thou wert a man of sin,
And didst abuse those (for us) put ye in.
From which we now absolve ye as we're Pope,
And do allow that Butchers by the Rope;
Begin (not end) for that would mar our hope.
Tis true at first 'twas prudent, witty, quaint,
To counterfeit the Devil and the Saint,
With zealous thunder 'gainst the Jesuits complaint.

This

This gain'd your credit with the Rabble rout
Confirm'd the choice to ſuch who wiſht you out,
But now that's done it's time to look about:

And dare to act to ſet my vaſſals free,
You ſhall receive from holy James and me,
A Crimſon Cap at leaſt, my Legat be:
Provided you eſcape *Treſſilian's Triple* tree.

Next hated *Ralph* thou leader of the van,
My Papall Power ſhall doe all it can
To make the next Election ſenate Man:

And reaſon good, for then my cauſe would thrive,
If all prove ſuch, the Hereticks we'll drive
Till not a ſoul of them be left alive.

They're all right Roman *H*—— *H*—— *D*—— town,
And *D*—— together *B*—— theſe *H*—— *H*——
Sworn to be true but falſe as *Jack* of *Leydon*.

Next were two Judges *B*—— *D*—— never right
In rack and manger lay thoſe Beaſt's delight
Next three were monſters, a very whale that's white:

Thus being coller'd, all together ſwore
To doe ſuch Juſtice, ne'er was done before:
Proſtrate their Wives to ſave the common Whore.

For which good ſervice moſt did places gain;
One made the Whales unto Charles's wain,
And Tape maker, light man did obtain.

Three more had places to their hearts deſire,
Which *T*—— afforded; made them each Eſquire,
And all they were to doe, was ſet the Land on fire.

Informing *D*—— that's Landlord to Sir *W*——
To ſave his Tenent *Golden* Pills did take,
Whoſe bleſſed guilt before did make him quake:

The reſt had Gold dropt by the Fairy Queen,
Left in their ſhoon that ſhe might paſs unſeen;
Which expell'd poyſon as't had never been.

By this, my Sons, ye left them in the lurch,
And ſwept the ſcandal of our Holy Church;
Which e'rſt ſtood tott'ring on a broken Crutch.

Strangely reviv'd my Lordly Son in Power,
Who now (transported) laugh to scorn the power
Of Lords and Commons, from whom they fear'd a shower.
And o'er the Hereticks have 'dvantage got,
Who stopt the blest proceedings of my Plot:
No oppositions left but th' Fanatick sot.
For which good service debtors we remain,
Till we get *Britain* in our Fist again,
Then then be sure we'll well requite your pain.
Till then adieu, He'll have you in it's care,
And ever dictate what you say or swear;
May make you usefull to St. *Peter's* Chair.

Rome *July* 22*d.*
Stylo Novo. 1679.

SATYR.

His Holiness has three grand friends,
O Great *Britain's* Shoar,
That Prosecute his (and their own) ends;
A *D*—— a Judge, and a Whore.

The *D*—— is as true as steel
To the *Pope* that infallib'e Elfe,
Therefore no friend to the Common-weal,
Nor no freind unto himself.

The Judge is a Butcher's Son,
Yet hates to shed Innocent bloud:
But for ten thousand Pound has done
the Pope a great deal of good.

He that villain *W*—— clear'd,
Who was to have poison'd the King;
As it most plainly appeard,
For which he deserves a swing.

P—— that Pocky Bitch,
A damn'd Papiſtical Drab,
An ugly deform'd Witch,
Eaten up with the Mange and Scab.

This French Hag's Pockey Bum
So powerfull is of late,
Although it's both blind and dumb,
It rules both Church and State.

On the Monument upon Fiſh-ſtreet Hill.

When *Hodge* firſt ſpy'd the Labour in vain
Grown ſince he paſs'd by *Pudding Lane*,
To reach his Chin up as he gaz'd,
Till level with his Forehead rais'd;
With Face that Horizontal lies,
With gaping Mouth and ſtaring Eyes,
Supporting on his ſtaff his Jaw,
He lookt the hight of what he ſaw
As one that makes an obſervation,
Chap-fallen he ſtood with admiration.
Hodge was (although to Cart confin'd)
A *Virtuoſo* in his kind,
And long he ſtockt up in his Crown
Whate'er he ſaw or heard in Town
Within his muſty Fancy mew'd,
Heated into ſimilitude,
That whatſoever ſubject fell,
He bargains ready had to ſell,
Though the ſimilitude moſt pat
Shew that Men ſay they know not what.
A new Spout to quench the fire,
Or elſe to draw the ſmoke up higher;
A modell of a Pepper-box,
Or Microſcope to view an Ox,

Or elſe a Candleſtick to place a Light
For ſuch as travel in the night;
Or *Chriſtmaſs* Candle overgrown,
Not to ſhew Light, but to be ſhewn;
Or elſe a Torch with gilded flames,
To ſteer the Boats that row on *Thames*,
Or elſe a piece of Art and Labour,
Of Hook out Architecting *Babor*.
When long he thus himſelf had gueſs'd,
Nor could the ſwallow'd ſight digeſt,
He ask'd a Wag at the next Stall,
To whom belongs this Houſe ſo tall?
The City's Monument is this,
In token that our Mayor did piſs;
It ſeems when *London*'s Mayor doth ſtale,
She by conſent too lays her Tail;
Bodies ſo great may bear th' expence
Of ſuch a vaſt Sirreverence;
But 'tis a heap which would have rent
All but the City's Fundament.

The D. of M's *Letter to the K. tranſvers'd.*

Diſgrac'd, and one forlorn, made Fortune's ſport,
Baniſh'd the Kingdom firſt, and now the Court;
Out of my place turn'd, and out of doors,
And made the meaneſt of your Sons of Whores;
The ſcorn and laughter of the common chat
Of your ſalt Bitches, and your ſilly Brats;
Forc'd to a private life, to whore and drink,
On my paſt Grandeur and my Folly think.
Would I had been the Brat of ſome mean Drab,
Whom fear or ſhame had made her choak or ſtab,
Rather than be the Iſſue of a King,
And by him made ſo wretched, ſcorn'd a thing.
What little cauſe hath Mankind to be proud
Of Honour, Birth, the Idols of the Crowd?

Have

Have I abroad with Battles Honour wone,
To be at home diſhonourably undone?
Mock'd wit a Star and Garter, and made fine,
With all thoſe gaudy trifles once call'd mine;
Your Hobby-horſes, and your toys of State,
And now become the object of your hate,
But Damn me, Sir, I'll be legitimate
I was your Darling, but againſt your will,
Know, Sir, that I will be the People's ſtill;
And when you're dead, I and my Friends, the Rout,
Will with my Popiſh Uncle try a bout,
And to my trouble this one comfort bring,
Next after you by *G*—I will be King.

The Anſwer to the D. of M*'s Letter.*

Ungratefull Boy, (I will not call thee Son,)
Thou haſt thy ſelf ingloriouſly undone,
And thy complaints ſerve but to ſhew the more,
How much thou haſt engag'd thy Father's Whore;
Reſent it not, ſhake not thy addle Head,
And be no more by Clubs of Raſcals led.
Have I made thee the Darling of my Joys,
The prettieſt and luſtieſt of my Boys?
Have I ſo oft ſent thee to the Coaſt of *France*,
To take new Dreſſes up, and learn to dance?
Have I given thee a Ribbon and a Star,
And ſent thee like a Meteor to the War?
Have I done all that Royal Dad could doe
And do you threaten me to be untrue?
Oh! that my *P*—— when I thy Dam did ——
Had in ſome —— A—, or Cow's been ſtuck;
Then had I been, when that baſe deed was done,
Sure to have got no Rebel to my Son.
But ſay I did with thy fond Mother ſport,
To the ſame kindneſs others did reſort:

'Twas

'Twas my good Nature, and I meant her Fame,
To ſhelter thee under my royal Name:
Alas! I never got one whelp alone,
My Riches are to every Fop well known,
And I ſtill willing all their Brats to own.
I made thee once ('tis true) the Poſt of Grace,
And ſtuck upon thee every mighty Place,
Each glittering Office, till thy heavy Brow
Grew dull with Honour, and my Power low.
I ſpangled thee with Favours, hung thy Noſe,
With Rings of Gold, and Pearls, till all grew Foes,
By ſecret envy to thy growing ſtate,
I loſt my ſafety when I made thee great.
There's not the leaſt injuſtice to be ſhown,
You muſt be ruin'd to ſecure my Throne.
Offices are but fickle Grace the Badge,
Beſtow'd by Fits, and ſnatch'd away in Rage.
And ſure the Livery I give my Slaves,
I may take from 'em when my *P*—— raves.
Thou art a Creature of my own creation,
Then ſwallow this without Capitulation,
If you with feigned wrongs ſtill keep a clutter,
And make the People for your ſake to mutter,
For my own comfort, but your trouble, know
by *G*——I'll ſend you to the Rout below.

F I N I S.

13563